A PROCLAMATION
againſt the Home-loyterers, Recuſants
to the common Cauſe, within the Colledge
of Iuſtice, as followeth,

EE blameleſſe Beautie, badges bright of peace,
VVhite ſhining ſmyles of Lady *Iuſtice* face;
And glory of that pomp expecting Traine,
VVhoſe aymes by us, are honour now to gaine.
For as much as that fleeing herald *Fame*,
Doth ſtill by her eare-batring voice proclame
Each where; that for our Crowne & Faiths defence,
Our preſent progreſſe keepes a reſidence;
Here in *Dunglaſſe*, where now our curious Eyes,
VVith long-worne looks, as waking watch-men lyes
Still in await: as pleaſing to bee deign'd
Here to attend thoſe unto us aſſign'd,
By *Truths* blew Flags, our ſiſter in degree,
Both ſprung from noble *Iuſtice* pedigree:
As als our patience did not yet diſdaine,
To wait the lurking fragments of our Traine
That yet remaines: as our aſſur'd ſupplie,
Bought long agoe by love, and clemencie:
Albeit to them heavens helping hand hath beene
Moſt liberall, as mortall eyes hath ſeene:
VVhoſe prodigall uſher Ladie *Providence*.
Fraught their deſires with a right large expence,
Of golden ſtrength, by nurſing *Vertues* hand,
And made them ſtrong in our juſt Cauſe to ſtand;
Under the ſhelter of our famous Name,
VVhich by the right of thankfulneſſe wee claime:
Aye due by them, and that for their ſupplie
Of true *Religion*, and our Libertie:
That ſo our ſight might terrifie our foe,
As did our noble Name a yeare a-goe.
But O! thoſe hopes were blaſted long ere Time
Could bring theſe bloſſomes to an happie prime.
VVhoſe fruits (deceit's, Nay, rather) in reſpect,
They nothing bring but ſhowes, of mere neglect.
VVhich all men knowes, did ſpring from ſervile fear;
Or churliſh-mindes, that now the ſwey doth bear.
Yet whilſt wee did, ſweet ſmylling Peace enjoy,
Then ſeem'd they readie Subjects to imploy;
And trac'd the Streets with ſuch a gallent grace,
As if their worth conſiſted in their pace:
But when proud *Mars* once ſhew his angrie brow,
Their fainting hearts then ſeem'd for feare to bow.
Their courage which their tongues ſome times did keep
Now in their ſecret Cels doth ſoundly ſleep.
VVith gaping gried they glorie in their gaine,
VVhich lurking they atchieved with honours ſtaine
They care not for their Faith, nor Countries good,
So they buy eaſe with their own Brethrens blood.
Thus then (wee ſee) their Faith, and courage cold,
Now make their feeble breaſts in nothing bold,
Except it bee a *Venus* to imbrace,
Much more eſteem'd, than brave *Bellonas* face:
Then lo, what cauſe wee have ſo to proclame,
Them wanting braines to under-prop our Name.

HErefore ſince threats, nor our perſwaſions faire,
Nothing avails, *VVee will, and wee declare*
That this afore-nam'd home delighting Crew,
As well of VVhite, as of the collours Blew,
Bee from hence-forth, and by all humane lawes,
Eſteem'd *Recuſants*, to our noble Cauſe.
And als wee finde, and thinke expedient,
That they, and every one of them bee rent:
And cut cleane off, with ſhames infamous ſtrock,
As withred Boughes from blooming *Iuſtice* ſtock.
And wee command, that this our will bee ſhown,
And in each place, that Fame doe make it known.
VVhich we here ſtamp with *Truth* faire *Iuſtice* ſeal,
That never died: nor ever yet ſhall fail.

Daited from Dunglaſſe 26. of July, 1640.

This Proclamation's ſeal'd that now I bring,
With great Apollo's *hand adorning Reigne.*

Tho. Plaine Clerke.